

DRAMATIC MIRROR, AND LITERARY COMPANION.

DEVOTED TO THE STAGE AND THE FINE ARTS.

EDITED BY JAMES REES.]

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BIOGRAPHY

MRS. MARY ANNE WOOD.

Mary Anne Paton was born in the month of October, 1802. Her father was a respectable man, a writing-master, and accountant:—her mother, a local concert singer of unimpeached reputation. Mary Anne was a remarkably delicate child. Her features were regular, and her dark eyes singularly lustrous and beautiful. When but three years old,—before her fingers could stretch an octavo, or her mind comprehend the gamut, her father imposed upon her the most severe practice on the piano forte. Lessons, occupying six or eight hours, were her daily tasks; and the precocious expansion of her infant mind, together with the almost miraculous maturity of her voice, rewarded her masters for this extraordinary application.

At the early age of five years, she first appeared in public, at a concert in which her mother assisted—at Corri's Rooms, Edinburgh. The dilettanti were astonished at the volume of the child's voice, while her execution on the harp and piano was a theme of wonder throughout the city. The wonder abates, if it does not cease, when we reflect that this excellence was attained by a discipline which we, with all our advocacy of early training—must pronounce cruel.

When she was ten years old, she went to London to sing at the Nobility's Concerts, and continued in the metropolis for nine years—her musical education being conducted by the best professors. Having resolved to adopt the stage

as a profession, she made her first appearance on the boards at Peterhead, a fashionable watering place in Scotland—thence she went to Greenock and Glasgow, and was well received at both places. Money now began to flow in abundantly, and engagements were tendered her by most of the provincial managers in Scotland. She played with brilliant success in the Edinburgh theatre, and at the termination of it, she again repaired to London, and opened at the Haymarket Theatre in the character of Polly in the Beggar's Opera.

During this season, in a luckless hour, began her acquaintance with Lord William Lennox. This nobleman conceived an ardent attachment for Miss Paton, which we have every reason to believe was warmly returned. Owing to some disagreement with Mr. Morris, the manager, Lord William induced our heroine to break her contract, and accept more advantageous terms at Covent Garden. Mr. Morris immediately commenced an action for damages; but was nonsuited on account of the minority of Miss Paton—all her previous engagements having been made by her father. Lord William continued his assiduities with fervent zeal; but as he made no proposals of marriage, whispers began to circulate through the green room, prejudicial to her reputation, and her father in consequence, removed her to Scotland, whither the fiery lover followed. Here he offered his hand and fortune to Miss Paton,—and the marriage took place. His lordship returned to London,—while his bride, for professional reasons, continued to perform under her maiden name. Some time subsequent to this, she was engaged to sing at the York Festival; but the bigotted Archbishop refused to recognize a Scotch marriage in her case, and declared she should not sing in the minster until the ceremony had been performed according to the English rites. To put the tongue of scandal at rest for ever, she was married once more to Lord William Lennox. His lordship's relations were averse to the match so long as their opposition could avail; but when assurance was made doubly sure by this second ceremony, they received her into the family as one of its members, and introduced her into the first society in England. She was never asked to sing even at their domestic parties, but was treated with the greatest respect, though she often voluntarily delighted the circle with the syren strains of her melodious voice.

She was still playing at Covent Garden Theatre as Miss Paton—and Mr. Wood belonged to the same house—playing the heroes, who in opera are generally lovers, while she sustained the principal female parts, who of course, are always desperately enamoured of somebody. This circumstance brought the lady and gentleman in closer connexion than Lord William liked his wife to maintain with any other than himself. In a word he became exceedingly jealous of Wood, and as it was afterwards proved—without any just cause. Jealous people sometimes bring upon themselves the very shame which they fear. The groundless suspicions of Lord Lennox, led him to discover signs of guilt where none existed, and each love scene enacted on the stage by his wife and Wood added fuel to the flame. He charged Lady Lennox with having transferred her affections from himself to Wood—the lady repelled the allegation indignantly—censure and recrimination followed,

and Lennox, forgetful of every honorable feeling—regardless of every manly impulse, struck her a violent blow which felled her to the earth! We have no words to express our indignation at this outrage.

'The man who lays hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness,
Is a wretch—whom 'twere gross flattery to call a coward.'

The injured woman rose with a changed spirit;—and left the house of Lord Lennox never to return;

Lady Lennox hired a private house in Cecil street, Strand, and here for some days she indulged her grief in solitude. She had no friend to whom she could confide her sorrows, but as Wood had always professed a steady friendship for her, and, as it was on his account that all her troubles befell her, she imprudently, to say the least of it, addressed to him the following note:

"DEAR WOOD,

I am in secret lodgings, and send this by your friend. If you wish to see me, your friend will conduct you to my apartments.

Yours. M. A. LENNOX."

If this note be genuine, (and we copy it from a biography of Mr. and Mrs. Wood, written in London a few months after the affair happened,) it certainly would seem to justify a suspicion that she entertained a feeling toward him warmer than friendship, scarcely proper even in a self-domiciled wife;—but whatever might have been her sentiments subsequent scrutiny of a most rigid nature failed to detect the slightest criminality in her conduct.

On the day after the flight of his lady, Lord Lennox called on Wood in company with Bartly the actor, and Mr. Hunter. The former accused Wood of having induced his wife to leave him, which the latter strenuously denied, and as proof of his innocence 'tis said, he produced the lady's note. This seemed to exculpate Wood from any participation in the affair, and his lordship declared he would seek a divorce.

Lady Lennox's next appearance in public, was in Cinderella, and the audience testified their sense of her innocence and her injuries by the most rapturous applause. When the performance was over, and she had returned to her dressing room, Lord Lennox suddenly burst in whilst she was partially undressed and declared that as she was his wife, he had a right, and was determined to compel her to return home with him. Her ladyship waited not to remonstrate, but alarmed at his violence, hastily threw a shawl over her shoulders, and rushed into Charles Kemble's dressing room, while several gentlemen, among whom was Wood, repaired to the scene of contention, offering her protection against violence.

Lord William, in the most pathetic terms, entreated her to return home—that every thing should be done to make her happy—that he cast not the slightest imputation on her character—but believed her pure as unstained snow. To this she replied with calmness—"that she did not upbraid him with any thing he had done, but that her mind was made up, and nothing could alter it—namely, never to enter the same door with him again." Colonel Berkeley seconded his lordship's solicitations, but with no more success, and after much warm discussion it was agreed that she should reside at Bryant's Hotel, and that a deed of separation should be prepared as speedily as possible.

She was divorced from him February 26, 1831. As soon as this divorce was obtained, Wood and Miss Paton made preparation for their marriage, —which took place very privately at Marylebone New Church on the 3d day of March following: —Henry R. Bishop the celebrated composer giving away the thrice married bride.

After her separation from Lord William, a demand was made upon him for her jewels—but he at the time declined surrendering them. She obtained them however afterwards, and they were sold—as Wood declared she should never wear them again, and pearl ornaments were substituted in their place. They consisted of—

Bracelets,	—valued at £120.
Earrings,	" 119.
Cross,	" 170.
Brooch,	" 120.

Total £529.

Nothing that can interest the American reader chequered the lives of the happy couple until their arrival in the United States. Mr. and Mrs. Wood arrived in New York early in September, 1833. Her great name had long been well known to the dilettanti of the United States, and the history of her domestic difficulties was familiar as household words in the upper circles of society. They opened at the Park Theatre in the opera of *Cinderella*, Wood playing the Prince, and the lady the heroine.

The house was crowded in every part, and the favor with which they were received was equal evidence of the talents of the vocalists, and an appreciation of their excellence by an American audience. The theatre was filled each night of their engagement with the fashion and beauty of New York, and admiration of the lady arose to enthusiasm. They came to Philadelphia, and here new triumphs awaited them. They were invited into the most exclusive circles, where the refined manners and lady-like deportment of Mrs. Wood, changed her admirers into friends. They visited Baltimore and Washington, and were every where followed by crowds, comprising people of the most refined taste, and highest musical pretension.

This is a brief outline of the history of Mrs. Wood, which we have condensed from one bearing all the impress of "Scan Mag,"—in fact we felt a strong disposition to indulge ourselves in a little bit of scandal by publishing some choice bits from this "ower true tale," but as it was calculated for the meridian of London, we upon second thought relinquished the idea. The life of Mrs. Wood has been an eventful one, and a wholesome lesson may be drawn from its contemplation. Dazzled by the splendor of a coronet, she attached too little importance to those social virtues in a husband, which alone can bring happiness to the married state. In admiration of the *lord*, she paid too little attention to the character of the man,—and in this lay the greatest error of her life. All who have listened with delight to her siren strains, must rejoice that this error has been retrieved, and that her future career promises to be as serene, as its earlier portion was stormy.

Few strangers meet with a more cordial reception than did Mr. and Mrs. Wood. The singing of the lady, in fact, created quite a sensation more particularly in this city. The beautiful opera of *La Sonnambula* as produced at the Chestnut street Theatre was certainly one of the most fascinating performances ever offered to the Philadelphia public, and drew a greater number of full houses than any other entertainment seen in this city for years. A sort of musical saturnalia pervaded the town,—the streets were vocal with the favorite airs of the opera, for the citizens seemed music-mad. The merchant lost the calculation of chances while humming a tune,—editors could write on no other subject than opera,—and the chimney sweeps from the house tops announced their escape from soot in the melodious notes from the opera, but not exactly in such pleasing strains.

Porter opens the Arch Street Theatre on Monday the 29th inst.



THE UGLY CLUB.—NO. II.

BY THE EDITOR.

"The tooth of time
Has ground the marble to rude forms."

We attempted in our first number to give a shadowy outline of the Ugly Club—it was but an outline. Still there are many anecdotes extant connected with its early history, which would go a great way towards filling up, or, as a punster would express it, "laying the ground work" for a large folio. Some of these anecdotes refer to the poets and actors of that period, and one or two are related which throw a slight shade of suspicion, that the reigning monarch, James I. was a member. We were aware that King James had a very ugly disposition, and that he was of a vacillating nature. Upon a close examination of his likeness, a good copy from an original now before us, this suspicion is considerably strengthened, and that his mind and face were not unlike, was a conclusion we most readily arrived at. It is well known that James I. evinced a strong disposition in favor of literary clubs, (being a poet, *under loyal favor*) and Theatrical representations, we therefore have some grounds in believing he was a member of the Ugly Club, although we must confess, his name is not to be found upon the records of the institution. Among the members of that period we notice the name of George Chapman, the celebrated author of the "Duke of Byron," who was continually spouting his production at the club, and it was said—"to the great annoyance of its most peaceful members." [The tragedy was finished in 1608, but was performed in 1602 or earlier; as no date can be found. Henslowe dates it 1602.]

The following lines are quoted as a specimen of the author's style:—

"I tell thee, love is Nature's second sun,
Causing a spread of virtue where he shines;
And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
All colors, beauties both of act and nature,
Are given in rain to men; so without love
All beauties bred in women are vain,
All virtues bred in men, lie buried,
For love informs them as the sun doth colors."

Chapman, as the reader will perceive, was a poet, possessing a fine, high-toned, vigorous mind, full of imagination, but as the English writer observes in speaking of him,—"wanting the lighter ornaments of fancy." What the critic meant by this is only to be gained from the fact of Chapman's belonging to the "Ugly Club."

It would be almost profanation in us to mention the name of Shakspeare in connection with the Ugly Club, yet we are in possession of proof that he was a member; and it is on record that the very words he placed in the ugly mouth of Richard III.—"The very dogs bark at me," &c., were uttered by a new candidate for membership at one of their meetings. This candidate was a veteran marine who had lost both legs and both arms in the service. (See Cut.) The reader must not suppose, however, that the immortal bard was admitted a member of the club on the score of ugliness, which was the chief recommendation; on the contrary, Shakspeare was a very handsome man, and a great gallant among the ladies. His claims were attached to one Burbage, whose extreme ugliness entitled him to the privilege of introducing a friend as an honorary member. Shakspeare was then a dramatic writer of some note, and Burbage the best actor at the Globe Theatre.

Richard Burbage died, March 27th, 1619. He was the particular friend of Shakspeare for whom, it is supposed the great poet wrote the character of Hamlet, Lear, and Othello. In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1725, there is an elegy on the death of R. Burbage, long preserved in MSS. beginning:

"He's gone, and with what a world are dead,
Which he revived to be revived so,
No more—Young Hamlet, King Lear,
The cruel Moore—and more beside,
That lived—&c.—.")

Shakspeare's popularity was about that period so great that the interference of the Master of the Revels was purchased by the King's company, then playing at Black-Friar's, at the expense of five pounds, to prevent the players of the theatre called the Red Bull, from performing the dramas of Shakspeare. The following quotations upon that point are from the office-book of Sir H. Herbert:

"17th July, 1626, from Mr. Hemming's for courtesie done him about their Black-Friar's house £ 3."

"From Mr. Hemming's, in their company's name, to forbid the playing of Shakspeare's plays to the Red Bull company, this 11th April, 1627, £ 5."

Hemming's was the leader of the King's company as late as 1631.

We have additional proof to sustain us in our belief that Shakspeare was not only a member, apart from Burbage's authority, but one whom they held in the highest estimation, as we find in their book of records the following item:

"Feb. 2, 1601, (2)—At our feast we have had a play called *Twelve Night, or What You Will*; appended to this is a long string of compliments to the author.

Ben Jonson was a member, of this we can have no doubt, as his claims to that honor are incorporated in several ballads of that day, some of which are still extant—we meet with the following item on their books.

"R. [received] of Bengenensis Johnsonis shaver as followeth:

1597.—"The item is 3s. 9d."

There was Christopher Marlowe, whose productions have felt severely the iron hand of

criticism, justly in one sense of the word, unjustly in another, inasmuch as there were but few writers of that or any other age, who could compete with Avon's Bard in the composition of dramatic poetry. The name of Marlow, however, is identified with the early history of the drama; it is linked to it, and will cling to it through good and evil report. Marlow wrote a number of plays. His "Jew of Malta," and "Dr. Faustus," are among the best of them. He was for many years Secretary of the "Ugly Club." Marlow was killed by one of the members who was his rival in love; he found him with the lady to whom he was attached, and rushed upon him; but his antagonist being the stronger, thrust the point of Marlow's dagger into his head. Marlow was buried June 1st, 1593. From a pamphlet published in 1618, by Edmund Kierderde, entitled, "The Thunderbolt of God's Wrath against Hard Hearted and Stiff Necked Sinners, &c.;" we make the following extract:

"We read of one Marlow, a Cambridge scholar, who was a poet and a filthy play-writer; this wretched meek servant of God, Moses to be a conjuror, and our sweet Saviour but a seducer and deceiver of the people."

The writer then proceeds with an account of the affray and fully justifies the murder!! The substance of this narrative is taken from Beard's "Theatre of God's Judgment," 1528.

We have given the names of these men, members of the Club, simply to show its literary and respectable character, nor is it our intentions to follow up its history, which the reader will perceive would be rich in Biography, Statistical facts, Anecdotes, &c., being the most important materials for the manufacture of histrionic writing. As far as the limits of our paper will permit, we shall endeavour to embody in these numbers as much of the material named above as will blend amusement with the instruction which, we flatter ourselves, will be found in them.

NOTES TO NUMBER II.

"On Saturday, 17th November, being the Queen's birth day, Richard III. was acted by the K. players at St. James, where the King and Queen were present, it being the first play the Queen saw since her Majesty's delivery of the Duke of York, 1633."

"Richard Burbage was the original projector and proprietor of the *Globe Theatre*, the scene of Shakspere's youthful frolics, the scene of his glory, and the footstool to his immortality."

"The Red Bull Theatre, was originally an *Inn Yard*, and the Bell Savage, where plays were performed as early as 1579. The first regular company that played there was that of the Earl of Worcester's, at the commencement of the reign of James I. Its reputation, from the following lines taken from an old work, could not have been transcendent:

"They'll still slight
All that exceeds Red Bull or Cockpit flight;
These are the men in crowded heaps that throng
To that adulterate stage, where not a tongue
Of th' returned kennel can a line repeat
of serious sense."

Marlow was accused of profanity,—what can be more beautiful than these lines:

"Now walk the angels on the walls of heaven,
As sentinels, to win the immortal souls,
To entertain divine Zenoercate."

Or these:—

"See where my slave, the ugly monster death,
Shaking and quivering, pale and wan with fear,
Stands aiming at me with murdering dart,
Who flies away at every glance I give,
And when I look away comes stealing on."

[Extract from *Tumberlaine*, played anterior to 1587.]

George Chapman was born 1557; he wrote seventeen plays. He died on the 12th of May, 1634.



LUCILLE,

OR, THE STORY OF A HEART.

Our readers have all witnessed no doubt, Bernard's beautiful drama by this name, and sympathized with the fond and living heroine. The story is too long for our columns—it is briefly told however.

The drama opens with the preparation for the marriage of Lucille, with a young man by the name of St. Cyr, who is blind—he has no wish in the world but what was centered in Lucille, she to him was the world. On the eve of their marriage his eye-sight is restored, and his whole nature immediately undergoes a change, for with the restoration of his sight St. Cyr found that his heart was actuated by new motives and impulses that he never experienced during the sad hours when total darkness afflicted him. He now longed to enter that army whose fame he had so often heard, and whose power under the commanding vigor of Napoleon Bonaparte, had been raised to the highest standard of glory. As if to foster this newly awoken feeling in his bosom, a regiment happened at this time to be quartered in the town of Malines, and inspired by the thoughts of military ardour he would frequently visit the city, and listen with rapture to the inspiring hymn of liberty which was often played by the band, in deference to the patriotic demands of the inhabitants.

News also arrives that the real name of St. Cyr is De Vavasour, the son of one of the unfortunate French nobility, who taking part with the royal family in the late revolution, was compelled to fly from the country, and to know that his estates was confiscated for the zeal he had displayed in the cause of the unfortunate Louis the sixteenth. Lucille suspects the change, traces the cause, and in fact overhears him express himself in language to this effect.

"Why," exclaimed Eugene, "was I restored to sight, since with that blessed gift I have forgotten the regard which once bound me to the gentle and affectionate Lucille? It is in vain that I would deceive myself, for my heart tells me that I no longer love her with the devotion that formerly characterized my passion. To me she is now only as a sister, whom I love tenderly, but not with that passion that her entire devotion deserves. To me a military life is the only temptation that lures me on; I would become eminent in arms, and all else must yield to that mad impulse!"

Lucille had heard the former part of this confession, and learning from his own lips that she was no longer loved, she had sunk upon the earth in a stupor, from which she did not recover till Eugene was about to depart, when raising herself once more, she exclaimed in accents of grief—

"Stay, Eugene, I implore you! nay, but for one moment, and we will then, if it please you, part for ever! Ah! you start, and your cheek turns deadly pale, as if your slumbering conscience were aroused by the few words that a broken-hearted girl has spoken in her anguish!"

"Lucille, I beseech you, do not reproach me thus!" exclaimed Eugene de Vavasour; "do not add to the bitterness that is already mixed up with now wretched existence? Have I not ever loved thee tenderly—and hast thou not in return bestowed upon me that heart which I would have given worlds to possess? Besides, my dear Lucille, to-morrow is to unite us for ever, and when thou art once mine, by Heaven, thou shalt have little cause to reproach thy husband with coldness and neglect."

"Eugene," replied Lucille, with deep emotion, "but one brief hour since, my heart was the lightest among the gay; I thought myself beloved by all my soul held dear on earth, and neither care nor sorrow disturbed her whose whole and undivided confidence was reposed in your favor. But now that peaceful dream is dissolved—I have learned mine own insignificance in this esteem, and the dreadful truth has on a sudden flashed upon me, that I am no longer beloved by him on whose faith my heart had set its rest."

Ambition is stronger than love—De Vavasour forsakes his Lucille, follows the fortunes of war, is left for dead on the field of battle—this sad news is conveyed to the still fond and affectionate Lucille. What little fortitude Lucille had retained till this period, was now utterly destroyed; the last remaining link that bound her to the earth was broken, and she abandoned herself freely to the full tide of grief which weighed upon her oppressed and broken heart.

Our object in this slight sketch from the drama is merely to illustrate the engraving, and the reader who has not witnessed the drama, can have some idea of the effect produced by the meeting of the lovers, under the circumstances herein detailed.

She had just heard of the arrival of one of the officers belonging to Vavasour's regiment, at the principal hotel in Malines. This fact aroused poor Lucille, and she resolved to go secretly to the city, search out the officer, and thus learn at once the appalling truth.

With this resolution she hastened from the presence of Andre, and attiring herself for the journey, she soon left the house without her flight being discovered until she had nearly reached Malines. On arriving at the hotel she earnestly implored to be allowed a few minutes conversation with the officer who had lately taken up his abode there. At first the simple request was denied, but no sooner was it made known to the officer himself than an answer was returned, desiring her immediate presence in his apartment.

With a throbbing heart Lucille entered the room, and without venturing to raise her eyes towards the stranger, craved pardon for having thus intruded on his presence, but pleaded in excuse the anxiety she felt for a dear and long-absent friend. De Vavasour, for it was him, started when he heard her well-known voice, but quickly subduing his emotion, he in a feigned voice, entreated her to proceed.

"Pardon me, sir, for the course I have adopted," cried Lucille, "but my anxiety to learn the fate of Colonel de Vavasour, has prompted me to a step no other consideration could have induced me to adopt."

"You would know if he yet lives?" exclaimed Eugene, with emotion. "He does, maiden; but blinded by the sands of Egypt, he now reflects with deep remorse upon the affliction he has brought upon one whom he loved."

"Ah! that he was here then, to learn from her own lips how freely she forgives him," cried Lucille, tenderly, "but—no, no, his heart has ceased to love her, and they will meet no more!"

"Art thou the devoted maiden of whom he has so often spoken with rapture and delight?" exclaimed the officer.

"I am Lucille Vernet," replied the maiden, diffidently. "But say, I implore you, when will Eugene return once more to these whom his presence ever rendered happy?"

"Thou wouldst receive the truant to thy heart, then?" exclaimed Eugene, "and would love him as thou were wont to do?"

"Oh! how could I cease to love one whom my whole soul has once idolized!" cried Lucille, fervently. "Oh, sir, you know not the enduring love of a woman if you can doubt that the truant object of her heart's dearest hopes will be received, even as if it had never wrung her soul with agony!"

"And thou wouldst receive him with open arms?" said the other.

"Aye," replied Lucille, "and bless heaven for having restored me one whom I love dearer than all the world beside!"

"Dearest Lucille, I am here!" exclaimed De Vavasour, casting aside the cloak in which he had been enveloped, and pressing the affectionate girl to his heart, he continued—"Pardon me that I have thus long kept thee in suspense, but I have tried thy constancy, and henceforward we will look only for joy and peace in each other's society."

As he spoke Vernet accompanied by Andre rushed into the room in search of the lost Lucille. They at once recognized Eugene de Vavasour, and learning from his own lips the story of his sufferings and subsequent remorse, they welcomed him back with honest hospitality, and yielding to the evident wishes of Lucille, consented that the union of the long separated lovers should be solemnized with as little delay as possible. The whole party then returned to the house of the farmer, and never was more joy demonstrated than that which marked the return of Eugene de Vavasour.

For the Dramatic Mirror.

ACROSTIC.

Ever graceful, pleasing, fair,
Majestic, scornful, "By-a-dear,"
May thy modest merits be,
A passport to celebrity.

In thy efforts it is shown,
Nature hath not smiled alone;
Cherish then the double treasure,
Entailed on thee in bounteous measure.

RIP.

There was quite a row in the French Theatre, New Orleans, a few days ago. The audience did not like a poor lame fellow of an actor, and so they quarrelled with each other on the question whether they should hiss him down or not. Verily, "Men are but children of a larger growth."



DRAMATIC MIRROR, AND LITERARY COMPANION.

Saturday Morning, February 19, 1842.

NOTICE TO READERS.

Persons wishing the First Volume of the Mirror, neatly bound, at \$1.50, will please leave their names at the publishers' store, No. 15 North Sixth Street, who are republishing the first and third numbers which were out. Call immediately and register your names, as but a limited number will be bound.

"W's." communication, being a reply to Dr. English's article on Private Theatricals cannot be published, unless the writer leaves his *real name* and residence, at the Publication Office of the Mirror.

EDWIN FORREST.

We have ever been the warm advocates of this gentleman, of course we speak of his acting on the stage, not off—every man may have faults, and no doubt has—one may be passionate and overbearing; another may be arrogant, vain and presumptuous; another of an overweening disposition, begging that through courtesy, he cannot expect as a voluntary tribute. Genius does not solicit notice—it looks for it—it is drawn from the critic as a pleasing note is drawn from a well tuned violin; for where there is music, we look for sweet sounds. We are not acquainted with Mr. Forrest, having to our knowledge never exchanged a word with him—we stand apart from each other—separate and distinct—we the humble editor of a Dramatic Work, he the great tragedian, we would not stoop to Forrest as a man—not court his friendship because he is popular—to us individually he is nothing—as an actor every thing. We care not whether he reads the Mirror or not. We believe his name is not on our subscription list, he may buy it for expence or leave it alone, just as he likes. We now speak of him professionally.

The profession of an actor is one of peculiar character; and there is not, perhaps, in the various avocations of life another which places the individual so directly in the power of the public. The public voice is now the censor of the stage; it was not so in the early classic history of the drama; then the voice of Solon ruled supreme; his criticisms reformed the then early abuses which had crept in; he permitted no innovation upon the truth of history, and to him the poet and the actor looked with fear and awe. In this age we have a Solon in every visitor to the theatre, inasmuch as every one is at liberty to express his approbation or dissatisfaction, as the case may be; new reading, good points, stage actions, mere dramatic effect, are criticised with a nicety, precision,

and judgment, which reflects credit upon the dramatic muse. No actor can impose upon an American audience, unless he comes among us as a bright, particular star, takes us by surprise with the blazonry of his rays, emitted through the effulgent mirror of the puffing system, and before we can recover from the effects of a momentary wonder, he twinkles off to fool, dazzle, and amaze others; it is then, and not till then, we con over his qualities, and repent too late, of having suffered ourselves to be betrayed into an ill-timed lenity.

An audience, therefore calmed down, and in sober judgment, who gives its opinion of an actor brought up and made among us, and that opinion free from party influence, expressed 'many a time and oft,' is the best and strongest proof of his excellence. Such is Mr. Forrest; laying aside the national feeling, which to a certain extent will exist, this gentleman now stands first on the list of living actors. We have witnessed the impersonation of Shakespeare's heroes by the gifted artists who have visited our shores for the last thirty years—they stand before our mental vision now, panoplied in all their glory, bright genius encircling them, and the burst of impassioned eloquence sounding, as it were, in our ears. The immortal Cooke, the gifted Cooper, the accomplished Fennel, and lesser stars, have, in their turn, been the subjects for our pen; we contrast them with Forrest, we analyse their excellences, and in the crucible of criticism we clothe the latter in mantle of the proudest.

Apart from the just conception of the author, in which Forrest manifests a thorough knowledge, his bursts of passion have never been equalled; they are indeed tremendous, and like his celebrated curse in Lear, strikes the electric chain which shocks the heart. We have not space to enumerate those characters in which his peculiar excellence is made more manifest. His Virginius, throughout, is a master-piece—one scene alone, so admirably acted, would redeem a thousand faults, if he had them; we allude to where he receives the news of his daughter having been seized in the streets of Rome. The audience universally acknowledge his tremendous power in these mighty outbreaks of passion, by the most astounding plaudits. As Cooper was in his days of pride, Forrest is now.

There has been a visible improvement in his Virginius, it has been gradually progressing onward to perfection. Richclien, Damon, Macbeth, Othello, William Tell, Jack Cade, &c. have afforded us on each and every occasion of their representation a degree of pleasure which words are inadequate to express, and it would afford us additional satisfaction if we were to witness his impersonation in some theatre of a decidedly marked American character, and if we are not mistaken the time is not far distant when such a theatre will be established among us. A disposition is manifest in the public to encourage American talent, and the legitimate drama, which has so long been kept under, by the strange and certainly vitiated taste of the public for 'trifles light as air,' in the shape of dances, and pageantry; these, it is true, please the eye, which sparkled a moment by the excitement of the scene, but leave no real charm behind: the glare of light, the presence of beauty, the half painted vision before us fade

away, and in the quiet hour we regret the absence of more substantial fare.

We think the time has arrived for the legitimate drama; the mind now requires food; the eye, too long, has been feasted, and to Forrest we look as the pioneer in its cause. Much of the success, however, of the drama depends upon the managers. If their tastes be vitiated, their bill of fare will be bad; if it be sensitive of the good things of life, they will serve up such dishes as will be sure to please. Therefore, we say, be not tempted to go into the stable for material, when the forest is so plentiful of palatable things.

AUTOGRAPHS, Of distinguished Histrions.

For a biography of this gentleman, see No 3, Vol. 1, of Dramatic Mirror.

This gentleman was born in New York, on the 9th of June, 1794. He made his first appearance on the stage in the city of his birth as "Young Norval." Mr. Payne was the Roscius of that period, he however is better known as a Dramatist, and will be as long as the thrilling strain of "Home Sweet Home" finds a response in the human heart. For a list of his plays see Dramatic Mirror Vol. 1, No. 8.

But a short time since we were called upon to record the death of this lamented actress, and spoke of those qualities which while living rendered her "the observed of all observers," we now give the fac simile of her hand writing. These slight testimonials to departed worth are given by one who like the Old Mortality of Scott's creation, would preserve the names of those who were distinguished while living, and hand them down to posterity through the pages of Dramatic History. [See Dramatic Mirror, Vol. 1, No. 22.]

This distinguished American actress is now in Baltimore, in the capacity of Manageress of the Holiday street theatre. Her biography, written by Colley Cibber, will be published shortly in the Mirror. It is the history of one whose career has been marked by events of deep and absorbing interest—a history bright, brilliant, and meteoric-like—a history of wrongs, of sorrow, and of woe, in all of which the courage of the woman, and that indomitable spirit of the sex, have carried her triumphantly through. We are among the admirers of this actress.

Was born at Brabant in the year 1775. He is the son of Roger Kemble, who was provincial manager of some celerity, and the brother of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. At the age

of 17 he made his debut at the Sheffield theatre, as Orlando, in "As you like it." His first appearance in London, was on the opening of Drury Lane theatre, on the 21st of April, 1794 when he performed Malcolm in the tragedy of Macbeth.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Physiology and Animal Mechanism:—the First Book of Natural History, by W. S. W. Ruschenberger.—This is a very neatly printed book, intended for the use of schools and colleges, yet interesting and instructing to those more advanced. The study of Natural History giving as it does a knowledge of the wonders of nature, and bringing us still nearer to Deity, is so essential to youth, that we are surprised this work is not introduced immediately into every school throughout the union.

A Second Book of Natural History, by the same author, entitled, "Mammalogy: the Natural History of Mammiferous Animals," is invaluable to youth, and instructing to the adult. For schools it is invaluable—every page is a lesson, and each lesson conveys a knowledge of created things.

RHETORICAL ACADEMY OF PHILADELPHIA.

Accompanying the annexed communication, were two tickets for the exhibition, as stated in a private note, which we regret did not reach us until the morning after. In justice however, to the institution, and the young gentlemen who are so zealously engaged in the purposes of mental improvement, we publish the communication, and we are pleased to have it in our power to express our decided approbation of the institution. Many people look upon private theatricals as having a tendency to pervert and corrupt the morals of our youth, and condemn all associations no matter what their object may be—if the histrionic poet, is selected out as one of their means of attaining as well as conveying information.

The association in question, is not of a theatrical character, although the dramatic poets are resorted too for the purposes above named—and we ask, where are the brightest, and richest gems of poetry to be found, but in the garden of genius, rendered Eden-like by the immortal name of Shakspeare?

Nearly all of the European speakers were members of similar associations—it is said of Curran that he would have made a most excellent actor from the fact of the bent of his early genius leaning more toward the "cup and dagger," than the mysteries of Blackstone. The Philadelphia bar presents a galaxy of talent, equally as celebrated for its rhetorical, as well as its legal character. Many of its ablest members belonged to the Forensic associations, which like those more decidedly theatrical, have given stars to the profession—which will shine in history, when the dull planets of the pulpit those stern opposers of all things, shall have set in the darkness their own obscurity created.

Cook, Cooper, Fennel, M'Kenzie, Keon, M'cready, Booth, Forrest, Wallack, Scott, Addams, Conner, Pearson, and a host of others, sprang from these seminaries of learning, Pallas like, uly armed, and rushed upon the stage, all eager for the fray. Are such schools to be frowned down then? No! we therefore extend the right hand of friendship to all properly conducted.—"And in conclusion request the tickets to be sent a day earlier."

For the Editor of the *Dramatic Mirror*.

SIR.—It cannot be doubted that one to whom the drama possesses so much interest, as the spirit of the editorial articles in your valuable print, gives evidence, must cherish a corresponding feeling for every effort tending to elevate that sublime art in the estimation of the community at large, or to cultivate it in private. Such I conceive to be the tendency in a comparative degree, of the institution to which I would ask a passing notice. Dramatic societies composed of youths of tender years, flushed with the idea of strutting their brief hour upon the stage, have as you know been numerous, and in many instances, their members required a parent's or a master's care to restrain their unfeigned precosity; but the association to which your attention is now solicited is otherwise formed, its members are young men, who have passed their elucidation, and to whom the stage professionally does not possess such bright allurements.

"The Rhetorical Academy of Philadelphia," was instituted about four months since, for the purpose, as its constitution proclaims, of cultivating the sciences and art, rhetoric and oratory, by means of the compositions and representation of dramatic pieces; by lectures, essays, criticism, and debates; the possession and use of a library and reading room, and also the performance of vocal and instrumental music, as an affiliated science.

Since its organization, fourteen dramatic representations have been given, several lectures delivered by the members, and other declamatory exhibitions been holden. The dramatic performances have been creditable; in the selection of which discretion has been exercised, under the control of a committee appointed for that purpose. Among the pieces presented with especial success, we may mention the Poor Gentleman, Wild Oats, A New Way to Pay Old Debts, Heir at Law, Money, The Wife, and a number of dramas and lighter pieces. The audiences have been large and highly respectable, including many ladies, and comprised of the families and friends of the stockholders and contributing members, by whom only tickets are distributed. A library and reading room is now about being established for the use of the members, the character of which will be consistant with the design of the institution—a number of books have been voluntarily offered by gentlemen possessing dramatic libraries, for this purpose.

This association offers great advantages to young men intended for public speakers, and cannot but prove a delightful resort for the lovers of dramatic literature, combining as it does instruction and amusement. The purposes of this society cannot be fully developed in its infancy, but if successful it will certainly be the means of affording encouragement to dramatic literature in an eminent degree, and it only requires the countenance and support of the influential to accomplish its object. The expense so far has been heavy on the stockholders, as the list of contributing members has yet been small—but it is hoped when its merits are better known and its designs appreciated by the lovers of dramatic literature, that this will be no further cause of complaint. Should you think proper to insert a notice of this institution in the Mirror, you will oblige several of your admirers and constant readers.

E. P. J.

PHILADELPHIA.

CHESNUT ST. THEATRE.—The tragedy of "Nina Sforza," was presented for the fifth time on last Tuesday evening, and to a tolerably fair audience. The part of Nina Sforza was sustained by Miss Charlotte Cushman, it being her first appearance in that character. Each enaction of this well written play, seems to exhibit the sparkling gems of poetry, with which it abounds, to still better advantage, and were it divested of its numerous soliloquies, and a proper degree of stage effect substituted, the change would render it one of the most

effective tragedies of the day. We could detect however, many similar passages to those of Shakespeare and other old dramatic poets, and in its plot a similarity to that of *Othello* and the *Revenge*. These coincidences must certainly have been remarked by many while witnessing the progress of the piece in its several stages, of love, jealousy, and at length revenge! Apart from these reflections, the managers are entitled to much credit for the splendid manner in which this piece has been produced—the scenery, costume, and stage appointments were excellent. Mr. Richings' dress was superb and costly, and well befitting the head of a powerful house in Genoa. In fact, he looked "every inch a king," and evidences that he is mindful of one of the principal features in a perfect representation, that of attention to costume. The part of Raphael Doria was ably sustained by him, there was a complete *abandon* to the character, which imparted to it an effect at once natural and impressive. The manner in which several of the beautiful sentiments of the author were rendered, drew merited applause from the audience, and reflected favourably upon this gentleman's conception and enaction of the part. Our limits prevent a detailed notice of the several scenes wherein he particularly excelled, suffice it, that we deem it one of his most finished performances.

Ugono Spinola, by Mr. Wood. The glimmerings of the palmy days of Old Drury, were dimly shadowed forth in the representation of this her favourite son. Of him we can frankly say, "take him for all in all," there are but few better performers in his line—we have seen many a star pale beneath his potent ray. Let it not be said that "superfluous lags the veteran on the stage," for with honest Jack, "we can better spare a better man." The character of Ugono Spinola, was in every respect, admirably sustained by this gentleman, whose knowledge of his profession is not to be questioned at this day.

Grimoaldo by Jervis, was effectively delineated, and though but little to say, that little was well said. Sforza was also very well sustained by Mr. Gann and possessed of the nearly same brevity. Nicolo Bizarro reminded us continually of Roderigo in *Othello*. Mr. Drummond acquitted himself in this character very cleverly.

D'Estate in the hands of Mr. Charles, was merely tolerable. This character, though subservient to those of Doria and Spinola is susceptible of more effect than that in which it was invested. Mr. Charles is a promising young actor, but there are many rounds of the ladder to be trodden, ere he will be enabled to represent *successfully*, the various characters which are at present *thrust* into his hands. We hint this in the kindest manner imaginable, and deem it an *act* of friendship to recommend to his especial attention the words of the author and more zeal in the impersonation of character.

Doreta del Borga would have been as well represented by *Sylvain's statue*, as it was by Mr. Stanly. The part we presume, was merely "filled in" for the occasion, in connection with the residue of the "attendant," &c. This should not have been permitted—Dorato del Borga is as well entitled to a favourable representation as any of those who constitute the prominent parts.

Miss Charlotte Cushman as Nina Sforza, certainly enacted the part better—but it will be generally admitted not so *handsomely* as Mrs. Seymour. This latter lady's personal appearance is so prepossessing, that we could "sit an hour by Shrewsbury's clock," at any time, and gaze upon her transcendent loveliness. To return however, to Miss Cushman in whom we were agreeably disappointed, for in addition to her chaste performance of the character, there was an evident improvement in the scenic arrangement, and her conception of the part, that rendered it altogether a truly effective performance. The only drawback upon our entire satisfaction was a certain *whirring* emphasis which she laid on particular passages, and in addition to this an unpleasant contortion of the countenance, with occasional glances intended for intellectual expression which reminded us of a contrary shade of intelligence.

Mrs. Thayer as Brigitta Sforza, was, as she usually is, *au fait* in her part of the performance.

The farce of "A Roland for an Oliver," was admirably sustained. Mr. Chippendale made a decided *hit*. He is, in our opinion, one of the most finished actors in his line, that has yet appeared on the boards of this theatre. Richings never played better. Placide excelled himself. His Fixture was inimitable. Mrs. Sefton completely identified herself with the character of Maria Darlington. Mrs. Thayer was as usual excellent. There was no cause for fault finding, so cleverly were all the characters sustained.

Thursday evening, "The School for Scandal" was presented with a superior caste.

WALNUT ST. THEATRE.—The wild, legendary, romantic drama, from Schiller, entitled "The Robbers," in which Mr. Conner appeared as Charles de Moor, has been revived at this establishment,—and drew a good house on Monday evening. Our readers are all familiar with this piece, which was played on the evening in question. Mr. Conner enacting the part with unusual spirits. Mr. Henckins was very good as Francis, and looked the villain to the life. Rollo is not the part for Mr. Davenport, there is a roughness in the character, unsuited to the classical style of this gentleman's acting.

Amelia, by Miss Porter, was a neat and beautiful piece of acting.

Why don't the manager cut out a portion of the closing scene of the first act—let the curtain fall simultaneously with old Maximilian, it strikes us the effect would be better.

As regards the ring performances at this establishment we expressed our opinion somewhat freely in the last Mirror. Of the manner in which they are done, we do not find fault—some of the feats of horsemanship are good—and the tumbling admirable—and all that, but we do not like to see saw dust on the boards of a regular theatre. It is shocking to our weak nerves.

ARCH ST. THEATRE.—This neat little temple dedicated to the histrionic muse at a period when the legitimate drama was *as it should be*, has now fallen into the hands of Mr. Charles S. Porter—we make this announcement with much pleasure, as we are convinced that it will once more rear its head, and stand

prominent as a decided American theatre. The exotics from other climes will here mix with the richest of our own, and bloom together in all their pride beneath the fostering care of a native husbandman. The drama is destined to flourish in our city, and we predict for this establishment a long and successful career. In our next we shall speak of this new feature in the dramatic history of our country, more freely. We are acquainted with Mr. Porter's views in relation to the present state of the drama, and feel satisfied that the public will aid him in his praiseworthy endeavour to uphold its character in this city, and to render the Arch the star of attraction.

CIRCUS.—There has been a succession of novelties at this highly popular place of amusement. Mr. Welch caters liberally for the public, and receives from them that patronage to which he is so justly entitled. We perceive that Williams, the clown, has returned to this Circus again, he is an especial favourite of ours, and we think the most humorous fellow that has ever put foot in that ring. The equestrianism is most excellent, and the entertainments varied and interesting. There is the most perfect order preserved, and the entire place has an appearance of comfort and respectability.

NEW YORK.

PARK THEATRE.—Is to open, so says the manager, on Monday night, with the long promised tragedy of "Nina Sforza;" predictions are estimated only as hasty conclusions, which if they do not concur with the opinion of managers, are set down as the offshoots of prejudice, and at variance with that liberality, which should always guide the pen of the reviewer. For our own parts, ardent in our attachment to legitimate drama, and no less zealous in the promotion of its true interests—we are indifferent to the charge of prejudice. We cannot play the parasite. We have no interests of our own to serve, as growing out of our strictures; we have no private ends to answer. Ours is a straight forward course—the drama, if it is worth preserving, and from this path we will not be led astray by the frowns of the few who have pressed themselves forward to cater for the amusements of the many.

Nina Sforza cannot be successful at the Park Theatre—the production of a new tragedy requires something more than its novelty to insure its success. It requires to be brought forward on the boards with all the attention to costume and scenery demanded of its author, and even then a failure must be the consequence of an inadequate performance by the actors engaged in its representation. Miss Mitford's tragedy was written with a Macready and Wallack before her, as the two fitting representatives of her two principal characters—now who have we at the Park capable of standing before an audience as the substitutes for those gentlemen. It is Mr. Abbott and Mr. Wheatley? We would not willingly choak the efforts of those, and trust that our strictures will have no other effect than that of stimulating them to fresh energy.

We repeat, Nina Sforza will be a failure—while we feel ourselves bound to add the production of tragedy in the paucity of means shows great imbecility on the part of the management, while he possesses great comic strength and but little inclination to its exercise.

We hear of nothing which is to prop up the falling fortunes of this house—we hear no more of Bourcicault's comedy of "West End," while all the stars have fallen from the theatrical horizon to "rise no more."

An account of the Dicken's Ball will be found under the head of *Box at the Park*.

BOWERY.—The arrival of the great literary Colossus, in this our adorant city of Gotham, has turned the heads of our citizens, and our benevolent managers are seeking to reap the harvest of his sapient presence—we

have nothing but Boz—Boz—Boz. Our news boys complain that they cannot sell their papers but under the influence of his name; if there is nothing in the journals of the day appertaining to Boz, their papers will not sell—and the manager may as well close their doors as open them without the name of Boz upon their announce bills, and a drama founded upon one or other of his works under representation upon his boards.—Hamblin, who never throws a good chance away, to proprie the reigning genius of the age, produced Nicholas Nickleby on Monday ev'ng, in open rivalry with the Park Ball, but unhappily not with the same success, for his tickets of admission were more plentiful than the applicants, and did not obtain a premium.

CHATHAM.—While the Pickwickians and the Nickleby's are occupying the stage of the Bowery, Barnaby Rudge is brought forward to sustain the treasury of the Chatham. May Thorne under the influence of the reigning fever, produce a succession of dramas founded on the works of Boz, and we are positively threatened with an extinction even of the name of all former dramatists and novel writers, we have nothing worth having but Boz,—in Heaven's name then, let us be in the fashion, and have Boz to the very surfeit,—Clivehugh cuts hair a la Boz, and a celebrated Friseur is actively engaged in making a composition to prevent the growth of whiskers, a la Boz,—Charley Cox has been studying the cut of his coat in order to the spring fashion, and Philip Hone actually spent two whole hours instudying the folds of his cravat—Dandy Marks is determined to do the complete thing, and starts a la Boz, from top to toe as soon as the tailor can fit him to the purposes. Big Levy cursed his hard fate and his black whiskers which distances him so competely in all attempts at joining in the fashion. Boz juleps will be all the rage at our bar room, and Thompson and Weller are about to produce an entirely new article in Boz sugar plums for the ladies. Bravo—bravo—this is as it should be, we shall have nothing but Boz on one hand and the prevailing fashion of the Bankrupt act on the other. We find the same names figuring on both lists—generals and civilians—then let us give three cheers for Boz and the Bankrupt act. Our re-form will be complete by and bye.

THE BOZ BALL AT THE PARK.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.—The ever memorable fourteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and forty-two, and in the year of our Independence, sixty and six, will be recorded in the Book of Time, and in the annals of our country, as the commencement of a new era in the history of Gotham, and in the transcendent elevation of the character of the Gothamites.

"Know thyself," is an axiom of the christian creed, and Turk, Christian and Jew,—the Swedenborgian, the Infidel, the Mormon, the Fanny Wright men, the Shaker, the Davidites, the Universalists, the Deists, the Atheist, the Quaker, all, all combined and testified in the universal knowledge, that the *know themselves*, and in that praiseworthy idolatry which testified their sanity, and vowed there was none other like unto him.

Now, Boz was young and comely to look upon, not fat, but small in stature, but great in mind, and a profound chronicler of the sayings and doings of *Little People*, and an elegant master of the *vulgar tongue*.

Now, the men of Gotham, they knew that, and they gathered them together, and they said, "Lo! Boz is coming among us, he will write of us—for it is of *little people* that he delights to speak of, therefore will we propitiate him that he may speak well of us. For, we have not read his works at sixpence a slice—and will he not witte of us—yea, will he, therefore will we feast him, so that he know us not, but in our munificence and idolatry. Thus

will it be well both with you and me, and he shall write of us accordingly."

And the men of Gotham, the elders and the scribes, the judges and the learned in the land the merchants in figs and raisins, the venders of combs and hair brushes, the men of war, and those who wear the uniform of soldiers, but who are of peaceable disposition, yea, the saint and the sinner, the publican and pedlar, they assembled together, and they made a great feast, and they invited thereunto the great Boz—and the tailors looked on mournfully and said, we have long bills against the makers of this feast, and we greatly fear it will be long ere they are paid. And the judges answered them willingly and said, why murmur ye, for lo! the bankrupt act—hath it not passed?"

ITEMS.

Dinneford and Logan are at Louisville.

The Spirit of the Times has literally used up the great vocalist Edwards, of the Chestnut street theatre, that last article was cutting; a real Damascus blade.

We stepped into the Chestnut street theatre one evening during this week, and to our astonishment we saw Mr. Wood playing Iago to a lady Othello, he had worked her up to the very height of jealousy, and she looked as if she had rather been a toad than an ill used wife just at that particular moment. We went out and returned—and were equally surprised to see the same gentleman playing Alonzo, in the Revenge, and yet the play bills stated that the name of the piece was "Nina Sforza." We met Mr. Wood next day, and seriously spoke to him about it, taking the liberty of remonstrating with him upon so palpable a departure from the text of the author, as we imagined. The gentleman answered us on the word of a man, and who doubts the word of W. B. Wood that the fault was not his—but the author's. The truth flashed upon us like the light from a fire-fly—that the Reverend gentleman had built his play on two celebrated tragedies—Othello, and the Revenge, and in his anxiety forgot one of the commandments—"thou shalt not steal."

Miss Susan Cushman whom we have known by that and no other name for the last three years—has been divorced from her husband, one Mr. Nelsonville Merriman, a very pretty name, but no doubt a very bad man.

Mr. E. S. Connor has a five act play, of a most peculiar, wild, and legendary character—it is founded upon a German story. He will probably produce it at the Walnut, if the manager will assist him in the getting of it up.

Mr. Fredericks it is stated will play at the Chestnut. London Assurance will be produced. In Mobile they are playing London Assurance.

George Holland is financiering at the temple—George is a good financier.

From our Correspondent.

BALTIMORE.

HOLIDAY ST. THEATRE.—You complain that our remarks last week were too severe, but could you read the *hyperbole* of the Holiday street play bill, you would wonder they had not excited even more censure—here is a specimen; "New Management—Entire Success—Best Company that has appeared in Baltimore for years—These Scenes cannot be appreciated without being seen, &c. &c."

Now the company is well enough, respectable in talent, and respectable only; but this system of over-puffing has injured rather than benefitted the theatre, the citizens of Baltimore are not to be guiled by play bills setting forth the merits which do not exist.

Burton announced his name for a benefit on Wednesday, in which this *best company* murdered the comedy of A Cure for the Heart Ache, to a miserable house; in plain truth, W. Jones as Old Rapid, and Smith as Young Stanley, were the only parts which could lay claim to the slightest approbation—the pathos of Frank Oakland was too much for Burton, who although an excellent comedian, seldom utters a word of

sentiment that is not followed by the laughter of the audience. Wallack in Young Rapid was imperfect in the words even to negligence, while a large grey wig with a very small gentleman under it, personated Sir Herbert Stanley. The ladies were represented by Mrs. George Jones and Mrs. Carter, neither of whom can we alter our opinion. On Thursday a very pretty little piece entitled the Ocean Child, was produced; it is a drama of little merit, except in scenery, which justice demands us to say was capitally executed; it has been repeated throughout the week to very indifferent houses. Monday again, the Ocean Child with Luke the Laborer, to night's repetition of the Rivals, and to-morrow Miss Clifton is announced to play Marianne in The Wife; with what success, as far as the number of the audience is concerned you shall hear hereafter. The business has been very bad throughout the whole week, and without some powerful attraction will continue so, the only parties likely to be benefitted by the management will be the stockholders, whose tickets we are told are all disposed of.

FRONT ST. THEATRE.—Mossop has been playing Irish characters very well indeed, but has had literally nobody to see him. On Thursday we had three Irish characters, represented by three different actors, result the same—nobody in the house. On Saturday Mossop's benefit, about fifty dollars, he deserved a better fate, for the pay of John Bull was very well acted—Mossop, Wemyss, Harrison, Weaver, Eddy, Philips, Mrs. Phillips Miss H. Mathews and Mrs. Eddy, supported the principal characters. The farce was the Happy Man, but we are sure the reception, did not make the actor one. This theatre is closed, to prepare as the play bill says, for a ball on the 22d, but we rather think to escape a succession of bad houses, which the manager knows he could not avoid—*nous verrous*.

BOSTON.

During the past week there has been four benefits; the most attractive, however, was for Curtiss, he having secured the invaluable service of M. J. L. Irskine, who personated Hamlet in a new, original, and highly graphic style. We have room for only a single specimen of his manner. The soliloquy, "To be or not to be," opened with a discharge of rotten apples from the pit and gallery, (*immense applause*.) The tragedian dodged and went on: "Whether 'tis better in the mind to suffer," (*a turnip is sent, great applause*) "to sleep, to dream," (*rotten apples and cheers*.) "and in that sleep what dreams may come," (*a big turnip explodes on his right—tragedian in high dudgeon*) "If you want the play to go on, you must stop throwing things." And so on to the end, when a large stuffed pig made a descent upon the stage, coming within an inch of Hamlet's head. (*tremendous applause*.) He then made his finale exit and the curtain fell. Mr. Irskine was called for from all parts of the theatre: he appeared, led by the hand by Mr. Ayling, and addressed the audience, thanking them for the honor conferred upon him, assuring them that he would shortly appear again. The subject of the above has been affected with the stage mania for seven years. I would recommend Mr. Irskine to the attention of the managers of the Walnut street theatre, Philadelphia, and the Chatham, New York, as he proves to be the most attractive card of the season.

Mr. Andrews' benefit on Monday night, on which occasion Peter Wilkins was produced in splendor to a crowded audience. Mr. Andrews has been connected with the Federal street and Tremont theatres for fifteen years, and has realized a handsome fortune—he is respected as an actor and a gentleman.

There is a report that the friends of Mr. Kirk are endeavoring to purchase the Tremont theatre, for the purpose of converting it into a church. The original cost of the building, properties, &c, was \$110,000.



POPULAR SONGS.

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

Old Teddy O'Rourke kept a bit of a school
At a place called Clarino, and made it a rule;
If the mind wouldn't mark, faith he'd soon
mark the back,
And he'd give them their own with a devilish
crack.

His scholars were Jerry, Big Billy and Ned,
With Murrogh M'Carthy, old Darby and Ted,
Tall Dermot O'Clany, and Dennis O'Shea,
Faith, all noble boys to drive learning away.

Spoken.—Well, my boys, says old Ted, as
you are all here, I'll just be calling your names
over, to see if any of ye are missing. Gerald
M'Shee. I'm not here, sir. Then where are
you, aghr? I'm astride of the door, sir. Then
come in, and I'll beat you. Corney O'Flaherty.
I'm here, but my brother Barney ain't. Then
where is your brother Barney? Faith, sir,
he's dead, and they're going to *weake* him.
Poor fellow! I'm sorry he's gone *home*, for he
was my own scholar; but do you go and sit
down, and don't fall asleep, or I'll be after
waking you.

So long life to old Teddy,

For he's always ready

To kick up a row or the whiskey to smack;
With his drinking and eating,
His birching and beating,
And his hubaboo, philaloo, row de dow whack.

Faith, Ted had a nose as big as a ton,
And a chin, too! oeh honey, but they were all
one;
A gin, too, he had, and if there was a noise,
He'd just give a squint, and he'd frighten the
boys,

A fortune he had, too;—his birch and his wig,
A black ugly cow, and an old dirty pig,
A pretty plantation, a dog and a cat,
And his head that he kept in an old greasy
hat.

Spoken.—Phelim O'Maheney, says he one
day, before you sit down, stand up, and say
your alphabet, so keep your five fingers out of
your head for a few minutes, and begin. What
letter's that, sir? I don't know, sir. Arrah,
botheration to you, what was it I said when I
saw you blacking Pat Mooney's eye? Faith,
sir, you said, Ah! you big blackguard. Well,
never mind the blackguard, but say Ah. Ah.
Now, what letter's that? Faith, sir, I don't
know, you ought to know better than me.

What makes the honey, and hold your whisk?
B. That's a good boy—now, what kind of a
half moon thing do you call that? I don't
know, sir. Och! botheration, what do I do
with my eyes? He! he! he! Well, what
do you laugh at, sir? I ask you what I do
with my eyes? You—you squint! And what
else, sir? You see, That's a good boy. Now
go on. D—E—F—G—H. Well, why do you
stop? Because I can't go any farther, sir.
What has your mother got at the corner of her
nose? A pimple, sir. Och, my service t'ye,
sir,—and what else? One eye. Devil take
you! don't be getting into figures, now.—Say
I, without the one. I, without the one. What's
the next? Its something, sir—but I don't know
what. What does your mother open the door
with? A string, sir, and sometimes her foot.
Well, but did you never have anything else?
Yes, sir.—K. That's a good boy,—and now, as
you have got to L, (hell) you may go and sit
down and warm yourself.

So long life to old Teddy, &c.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Alexandre Dumas,—the subject of our present
notice,—has created for himself a very high
place in the annals of France; more by a daring
invention and force of style than by any of those
delicate discriminations which mark the works
of Racine, and Corneille, and Victor Hugo.
His moments of composition appear to be wrought
into an *ebullience*, which will not wait upon the
fancy; and the loss he sustains thereby is cer-
tainly not compensated for by any other attribute.
As the French public is not at present occupied
with any of his last productions, we will content
ourselves for the present with a sketch of his
tragedy of *Caligula*.

In the first place, then, the subject is ill chosen.
The historical life of this monster could offer no
dramatic interest; consequently the events in
the play are nearly all of the invention of the
author. The prologue—an act of itself—pre-
ceeds five long acts, of all of which it is decidedly
the best. It introduces us at once to the habits,
manners, and debaucheries of Imperial Rome.
Three young patricians, crowned with flowers
and clad in purple and gold, issue forth at dawn
of the day from a prolonged supper. They talk
of Caius Caesar and his crimes in terms of irony
and discontent. They are watched; and one of
them, Lepidus to whom the doom reserved for the
victims of the Emperor, dies, like Seneca, in his
bath. This said Lepidus speaks so glibly, and
is so merry a gentleman withal, that one cannot

but regret that, like Mercutio, he should die so
soon.

Then comes the terrible Messalina. It was
a daring act thus to place before an audience,
by an inexplicable anachronism, this courtesan,
whose very name stands now for that of infamy.
It required too broad a pen to paint her such as
she really has been, and therefore Alexandre
Dumas has failed in the portraiture, and has
given the mere ranting, ambitious heroine, inher-
ent, from time immemorial, to all French
melo-dramas.

The part of Messalina was refused by Madlle
Plessis, the actress to whom it was originally
given, and she who now plays it, Madlle Noblet,
hesitated for some time to enact so odious a char-
acter. The triumphal car of Caius Caesar,
checked for an instant in its course by the dead
body of the high-spirited young Roman, borne
to the Gæmonis, is highly dramatic and effect-
ive. The pomp, magnificence, and sensually of
those degenerate days are well described through-
out the play. It is like some of the finest pages
of Gibbon dramatized.

The plot of the tragedy turns on the various
conspiracies against the life of the Emperor, one
only of which is historical. There is an under-
plot, in which Caligula carries off by violence
Stella, the daughter of his nurse, and condemns
her to death, in the presence of her betrothed
Aquila, a young Gaul, who witnesses her execu-
tion from a window in which he is tied.

All the well known traits of Caligula are
introduced happily enough in the course of the
play. His wish that the people had but one
head, that he might fell it at a blow; his barba-
ric hatred of Virgil and all the poets; his love
for Drusilla—all are recalled, and with effect.
There are some pretty flowing verses sung by a
Corypheus, which are imitated from Catullus.

Dumas is a young man of about thirty-five,
tall and finely formed. He is, we believe, a
native of the colonies. His thick, curling, black
hair, indeed, dark complexion, and projecting
lips, are scarcely European; and his fervid im-
agination and forcible language bespeak a
tropical origin.

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